

neere Caska, haue an eye to Cyma, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus looes thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Securing giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Heere will I stand, till Caesar passe along,  
And as a Tutor will I giue him this:  
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue  
Out of the reach of Emulation.  
If thou reade this, O Caesar, thou mayest liue;  
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:  
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,  
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:  
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:  
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell,  
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?  
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Caesar doth, what Sutors presse to him.  
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:  
I heard a busling Rumor like a Fray,  
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What's't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet: I go to take my stand,

To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar, as to heare me:

I shall beseech him to bestow himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-

wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,

Much that I feare may chance:

Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:

The throng that followes Caesar at the heeles,

Of Senators, of Prators, common Sutors,

Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:

He get me to a place more voyd, and there

Speake to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weeke a thing

The heart of a woman is! O Brutus,

The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize.

Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:

Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Exit.

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exit.

### Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyma, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I Caesar, but not gone.

Art. Haile Caesar: Read this Seecule.

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O Caesar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite

That touches Caesar neerer. Read it great Caesar.

Cas. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.

Cas. What is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Cas. What vrge you your Petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize Popilius?

Popil. Fare you well.

Brut. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish't to day our enterprize might thrive:

I feare our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Looke how he makes to Caesar: marke him.

Cas. Caska be sodaine, for we feare preuention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,

Cassius or Caesar neuer shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

Brut. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,

For looke he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus

He drawes Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cymber, let him go,

And presently preferre his suite to Caesar.

Brut. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. Caska, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,

That Caesar and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar

Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate

An humble heart.

Cas. I must preuent thee Cymber:

These couchings, and these lowly courties

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,

To thinke that Caesar beares such Rebell blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,

Low-crook'd-curties, and base Spaniell fawning:

Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,

I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To

To sound more sweetly in great Caesars eare,  
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brut. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar:

Desiring thee, that Publius Cymber may

Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cas. What Brutus?

Cas. Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:

As lowe as to thy foote doth Cassius fall,

To begge enfranchisement for Publius Cymber.

Cas. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,

If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:

But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,

Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparkes,

They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:

But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,

And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiu;

Yet in the number, I do know but One

That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,

Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little shew it, even in this:

That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,

And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cin. O Caesar.

Cas. Hence: Wilt thou liue vp Olympus?

Decius. Great Caesar.

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

Cas. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Cas. Et Tu Brute?—Then fall Caesar.

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,

Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,

Cassius or Caesar neuer shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

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Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To

Then walke we forth, euen

And wauing our red Weape

Let's all cry Peace, Freed

Cas. Stoop then, and

Shall this our lofty Scene

In State vnborne, and Ac

Brut. How many times

That now on Pompeyes Ba

No worthier then the du

Cas. So oft as that sh

So often shall the knot of

The Men that gaue their

Dec. What shall we f

Cas. I euerie man awa

Brutus shall leade, and we

With the most boldest, an

Enter

Brut. Soft, who comes!

Ser. Thus Brutus did

Thus did Mark Antony b

And being prostrate, thus

Brutus is Noble, Wise, V

Caesar was Mighty, Bold,

Say, I loue Brutus, and I h

Say, I fear'd Caesar, honou

If Brutus will vouchsafe,

May safely come to him,

How Caesar hath deferu'd

Mark Antony, shall not lo

So well as Brutus liuing;

The Fortunes and Affayre

Thorough the hazards of

With all true Faith. So fa

Brut. Thy Master is a

I neuer thought him wor

Tell him, so please him ce

He shall be satisfied: and

Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him pre

Brut. I know that we

Cas. I wish we may:

That feares him much: ar

Falles shrewdly to the pu

Enter

Brut. But heere comes

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar

Are all thy Conquests, Gl

Shrunke to this little Me

I know not Gentlemen w

Who else must be let blo

If I my selfe, there is no h

As Caesars deaths houre;

Of halfe that worth, as th

With the most Noble blo

I do beseech yee, if you

Now, whilst your purple

Fellill your pleasure. Ei

I shall not finde my selfe

No place will please me s

As heere by Caesar, and b

The Choice and Master S

Brut. O Antony I Begg

Though now we must ap

As by our hands, and this

You see we do: Yet see y